

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. 14.

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NO. 5.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR IN EUROPE.

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LETTER XI.

I MUST fulfil my promise to tell you about the ceremony of making an archbishop, which we had the good fortune to witness. It took place at Notre Dame, and commenced very early in the morning. In order to witness the whole of it, we had to breakfast at seven, and leave our abode at half past seven, that we might get a place where we could see all that was done upon the occasion. This however, was rather too late, for we found the grand old church full when we arrived. Our early drive gave us an opportunity of seeing what otherwise we should not have seen at all; and that was the chiffoniers of Paris. You know probably, that a chiffoneir means one who gathers rags. Every street was

full of them; they are only allowed to follow their trade in the morning before the streets are filled with carriages and the busy world. It is really curious and amusing, to see these poor creatures at their work. They have a stick with a hook in the end, and it is surprising, the dexterity with which they fish up their dirty treasures out of the gutters, and toss them over their heads, ready to be put into the basket into which one of their number stands ready to gather them. I am told the trade is a profitable one, that they often find quite valuable things in the mud; and at any rate the rags after being washed in the Seine, the great receptacle of all filth in Paris, can be sold to make paper of. I had an idea that this was very shocking work; but I noticed the women had on great thick, high wooden shoes, which protected their feet completely, and that their stockings and other clothes were clean and respectable. This, by the by, is the case with all Frenchwomen. Nice skirts and stockings and boots, for ladies, and stout shoes for the poor women.

But let us hasten to Notre Dame. The nave of the church was full. Around the altar all the priests and dignitaries of the church were seated; the Archbishop of Paris in a high seat, and an empty one by his side for the new archbishop when he was finished and prepared for the honor. All the priests were in full dress, every one was in full costume. Their garments were stiff with gold and silver. The eyes were dazzled with their splendor.

Perfect silence prevailed, and the ceremony commenced. The priest who was to be made into a bishop, had all sorts of things done to him. He knelt, he prayed,

he was prayed over, he was read to, he had hands laid upon him, he was crossed; incense was thrown up, the organ played, and all the priests and bishops knelt and rose from their knees, and knelt and rose again, and again; high mass was said, I believe, and the show was very remarkable. Once the poor mortal who was to be consecrated, knelt before the old bishop, and while he was kneeling with his head stooped over in his lap, another dignitary took a large Bible (as I suppose,) and put it on his back in the fashion of a saddle; he remained in this attitude and thus accoutred, for some minutes, and then it was taken off, and he was allowed to rise. Finally they took him and tied napkins upon him, on his arms and his neck, and then led him to a little knot of priests a little out of my sight; in a few moments he reappeared with all his canonicals on, except the mitre. Now he was brilliant indeed, loaded with gold ornaments, stiff with splendor. His face I noticed was very red, and he looked weary. I did not quite understand the tumbled towels; whether these were to catch the consecrating oil that they poured on his head, or whether they were emblematic of the filthy rags of this world, which he laid aside for the new and shining garments of perfect holiness, I could not find out. Now the new archbishop knelt again before the old archbishop, and the old one put the mitre upon the head of the new one. This he received reverently, looking extremely embarrassed, a little as if a fool's cap was put upon his head. Then the archbishop of Paris embraced and kissed him, and after that all the other bishops, who as the French say, assisted at the ceremony, performed the same act on both sides of his face. After

this, the new archbishop and his holy brother of Paris, walked side by side, followed by all the other bishops and priests, down from the altar among the audience; and the new dignitary gave his blessing to all the people. They marched all round the church, so that none should be deprived of the advantage. My sister and I were standing in a sort of niche, when the procession passed us. The archbishop looked directly in our faces, and waved his consecrated hand, as if over our heads; the Catholics all fell on their knees when they received this expression of his good will; we reverently bowed our heads. One part of the time during the ceremony, we went into the gallery of the church, and looked down upon the immense crowd of people, and the pomp and pageantry of the whole scene; and a grand spectacle it was. The venerable old building so filled with historical interest, the splendid inheritance of Catholicism, the very dresses that Napoleon had presented to the church for such occasions, some of which had been worn at his coronation, the immense crowd of worshippers so serious and attentive, then all the history of the triumphs, of the decay of Catholicism, its persecutions and cruelties, and now its comparative harmlessness and insignificance, and yet again its enslaving power over weak minds, — all these were in my mind while I saw the consecration of an archbishop.

You would be somewhat amused if you were in Paris in the spring, or as they call it here, the month of Marc, to see the little altars in the streets, made and served by the children. You will often see in the street a table with a white cloth on it, and on it an altar and a

crucifix and candles, and images of the virgin, and various other things in imitation of the altars in the churches, and two or three children in attendance who perform the part of priests ; and as soon as they see any one passing from whom they think they may get a few sous, they offer a little tin plate to him, and ask for something for the poor of their church. I have sometimes seen half-a dozen in the course of a walk. I began by giving a sou, but soon found it best to refuse.

I wish I could carry you with me to Versailles. You must see, in order to form any adequate notion of the magnificence of this chateau. The magnificent equestrian statue of Louis Quatorze, which you can see afar off as you approach, the noble statues in the grand court-yard, and the ancient regal aspect of the whole scene are beyond all description. As I stood lost in wonder and admiration, my friend who introduced me to this world of wonders, pointed to a window in one corner of the building ; there, she said, Louis Sixteenth passed much of his time making locks ; and there from that balcony, Marie Antoinette appeared with her children and the king, when she addressed the wild, enraged Parisian mob. Of the countless fountains I will not speak, of the splendid halls, of the seven miles of pictures ; but only of the little private apartments of the unhappy queen, of the small door through which she escaped from the fury of the soldiers, I must say just a word. In her boudoir, which we saw, she had caused to be arranged in a whimsical manner, some mirrors, so that if you looked in a certain way, you saw your body without your head. I looked, and saw myself headless. Strange chance that made her wild fancy prophetic of

the terrible future. We went to see the little Trianon, her bijou, her plaything; a lovely place it is. Here she tried to put aside state and the queen, and be a happy human being. Alas, for the poor kings and queens, grandeur looks to them like the poisoned shirt.

Here Marie Antoinette had a *Lactine*, a milk-house, where she is said to have made butter and cheese. Here she caused to be built twelve cottages after the Swiss fashion, and filled them with poor families, and gave them work and tried to make them happy. Here she cultivated a lovely garden; here she sought for peace and quietness, and to slake her ardent thirst for happiness at the fountain of nature and simplicity and charity.

We went into her dairy. It was fit for a queen to make butter in. In the centre of the beautifully shaped room, was a large oblong, white marble table; on each side were places for admitting the water, and under them beautiful marble reservoirs in the shape of shells, and underneath large slabs of white marble. All was still, all was so chaste, so beautiful, all was as it once was, and she, the poor sufferer, what a story of blighted hope and bitter sorrow! See her the night before her trial, which she knew would end in death, mending her own old shoes, that she might appear more decently. The solemn realities of life had come to her unsought.

The cottages, the milk-house, the farm-house, the music room, were all empty and silent. A guard of soldiers alone are there to keep visitors from transgressing.

Her garden which she loved, is still cultivated and kept in good order. I stole a few pansies from it at the risk of being ordered off the grounds if seen, but

I was not seen. I shall always keep these pansies. I afterwards saw at Fontainebleau, her bedroom, the great state bed, with curtains, &c. of Lyons satin, splendid beyond description ; and the windows fastened by bolts of the most exquisite workmanship, made by Louis Sixteenth. Here was the very wash basin, and ewer of Sevres china which the beautiful, the then happy queen, had used. We walked in the glorious old forest, where she and Louis and countless others, so called great and powerful, had walked in their pride and glory, rejoicing in the homage of their fellow men. All of these had passed away ; the noble long-drawn green aisles of the old forest, echoed no longer with their shouts of merriment. But the birds sang as musically, and the wind sounded as soothingly through the branches of the old trees as then. There was one noble old oak one hundred and fifty feet high, which they called Pharamond ; others of almost equal height, called after Clovis, Charlemagne and others of their kings. There they stand, "fixed in their own strength, looking tranquillity," while all those whose names they bore, had passed away, and were of another and a past age. But here they were, speaking not merely of the past, but of the everlasting present.

We saw also, at Fontainebleau, the little round table upon which Napoleon signed his abdication, the night before he departed for Elba. We saw the bed he slept in the last time, as Emperor ; the wash basin he used ; in short all was just as he left it. The table which is very small, is in a glass case in the middle of the room. They could not trust it ; if it could be touched, it would disappear before long ; all would take a piece of it, so is his memory worshipped.

E. L. F.

WANDERINGS AMONG THE PYRENEES,

OR, THE MOUNTAIN HUT.

[Translated from the German of Pechatein.]

It is believed that the young musician who has been already introduced to our readers, will be found as entertaining among the Pyrenees, as in describing his military adventures and the festivals of Paris. Having lost his health, he had been ordered by his physician to repair to the celebrated baths of Bagneres.

"Here," says he, "in a sublime region, beneath the shadow of the huge mountain, whose marble and granite ridge extends from one end of the horizon to the other, its head rising out of the billows of the Mediterranean, and its foot bathed in the waters of the bay of Biscay, those wonder-working waters which form the baths of Bagneres de Luchon, seethe in its deep bosom and gurgle up for the healing of human diseases. Here I determined to live in retirement, making excursions among the mountains as soon as my health would permit, and living far away from any company which would do me harm. I sought for private lodgings, and was so fortunate as to find a neat house belonging to one of the common people, which had been evacuated last by an English family. The inhabitants consisted of a father and mother and a very pretty daughter. I was saluted in a friendly manner by them, and gladly made welcome to a furnished apartment, though they could not have expected much profit from a single boarder.

In their simplicity, they seemed pleased that their house was not to be entirely empty, and at being able to lavish their care and attention upon one guest at least. I took possession of a small but tastefully furnished apartment, which the lovely Marion decorated with fresh flowers, while the cool, healthy mountain breeze streamed in through the open window. The day was sunny, and I gazed with admiring wonder on the prospect before me. The view into the valley was unobstructed, over which frowned gigantic precipices, gaily overspread with pinks and parti-colored lichens. High above, upon one of these precipices, stood the ruins of a tower, the relic of a fortress in the dark middle ages, lowering like a black giant over the beautiful Alpine scene. A mountain river, the Pigue, if I mistake not, rushed roaring through its rocky channel, and descended into the hollow cauldron of Bagnères in graceful cascades. On the path leading upwards from the valley, an ancient chapel stood in solitude; the whole formed a pictorial landscape of perfect beauty, wherein the fresh green of the meadows and the foliage of the cork-trees, which partly shaded the valley, formed a striking contrast with the masses of naked rocks boldly projecting themselves, and with the huge fragments scattered over the meadows and the channel of the stream, in sign of the violent concussions of nature in former times. The background was formed by the snow, and ice-covered peaks belonging to Mount Maladetta.

Marion, the artless and obliging daughter of the family, was delighted at my being able to understand every word of her Bascanian patois, having had great difficulty both in making herself intelligible to the guests

who had preceded me, and in comprehending them. This merry child of nature showed me the way to the baths, which led through a lane outside of the town. And now the warm salubrious waters received me for the first time; the water is slimy, and I perceived in the basin some inoffensive snakes, whose free sportive movements I watched with pleasure.

The days passed away very agreeably. The family were most friendly and attentive to me. I gave lessons upon the guitar to the young daughter. The baths produced a highly beneficial effect upon my health; I blessed the physician who had prescribed them to me, and wrote to him my thanks.

A tall, sun-browned young man, named Olivier, often visited at the house, and I learned that it was his business to guide the visitors of the baths among the mountains, and heard him praised for his civility and perseverance. He was recommended indeed as by far the most skilful guide in those parts; still, there was a freedom and a bold forwardness in his bearing, which did not wholly please me. Thus far I had undertaken no extensive rambles; my health not yet allowing of any genuine mountain excursions; it was moreover reported, that many assaults and robberies had occurred of late upon the other side of the mountains, on the road between Bagneres and Venasque, without the least trace having been discovered of the robbers. It seemed to me so natural that such things should happen on the border land between two countries at war with one another, that I gave no great heed to the rumors and was not deterred from my purpose to make some acquaintance with these majestic mountains.

Olivier more than once gave me to understand that he was desirous of being my guide. He described with unusual eloquence, both the charms and the horrors of those mountainous passes and regions; he told of the rhododendron, and other beautiful Alpine plants, and of the rare minerals found there — also of the timid bears which were no objects of fear, since they always ran away at the sight of a man; and of the fleet izard, a species of wild goat, the chase of which yields great sport; in short, he entered into such details concerning the animals, plants and minerals, as convinced me that I was in the presence of an accomplished mountaineer, before whom I was ashamed to confess my ignorance in all three of the realms of nature.

I promised to entrust myself at some future time, to his guidance; but in the meanwhile, I pursued my little rambles for the most part alone, and usually took the path towards the before-mentioned ancient, lonely, deeply embowered, and as it seemed, unfrequented chapel; or else I proceeded farther up the valley, towards the tower on the precipice, called by the natives 'the old castle,' an appellation which in a lively manner reminded me of my home, where the same — Altenburg — adheres to so many mountain fastnesses and ruins, the real names of which have floated away on the stream of time.

Upon an eminence on one side, between the tower and the chapel, a hut in ruins was buried among dwarf cherry trees, whose large, finely flavored fruit was a cordial both to the sick and well. Accident and my appetite prompted me to ascend the hill and gather some of the unripe cherries; in doing which I ap-

proached the hut, and noticed a door still remaining in the back-wall, which was overgrown with moss, conducting probably to some passage through the rocks, against which the rear of the hut closely leaned. This door was now standing open. I paid little heed to the ruined hut which was precisely like those miserable roofed sheds, built of rough stones, which are found in German vineyards, and I looked towards it a second time only in consequence of a slight sound which struck upon my ear, and seemed to come from it. But lo! the door which a moment before had been open, was now closed; no other information did my eye afford me, all around me was solitary, and still as death. Whoever has at any time found himself entirely alone in a strange land, on a sultry summer-day, amid a desolate rocky valley, the solemn stillness of nature surrounding him, will understand the peculiar sensation which such a situation calls forth. It is not exactly fear, as the place may be one of perfect safety; no! it is rather a feeling of the mysterious, of the awful! Strange thoughts glide into the dreaming soul and scare away its, perchance, pleasant dreams. German superstition with its frosty chill came over me — that I had not been dreaming, I was sure, I was equally sure that I had seen the door open, and that I now with my own eyes saw it shut. I did not conceive it to be my duty to explore the secret; it was enough for me that at first I had perceived an opening, which now had vanished without the appearance of any living being. All the slumbering remembrances from my youthful days, of the fables and traditions of home, awoke in me. Perhaps that rocky wall concealed a treasure; perhaps

a subterranean passage led thither from the old tower. I should not have been in the least surprised, if the door had again opened, and I had seen the apparition of some wandering mountain witch with her bunch of keys, and long streaming hair. Nothing of the sort however happened, and I returned to Bagneres.

When I gave Marion an account of my ramble, as was my custom, I asked her what that small house was ; and the good child told me all she knew about it.

‘ Oh,’ said she, ‘ the old cabin above the chapel ; an ancient hermit, a capuchin who died long ago, once lived there. It has stood empty ever since, and is falling to pieces, as no one cares to use it as a hermitage.’

‘ Is there nothing more to be told concerning it ? — no ghost story ? ’ I inquired ; but Marion knew of none, and I soon ceased to think about it.

I had the pleasure of finding several German countrymen in Bagneres, two of whom were brothers, workers in ivory, from Strasburg, and a shoemaker, from Cologne. These had a fancy to make a mountain tour in my company, and a young physician from Saxony, who had been attracted to Bagneres, wished to join our party. Olivier was to be our guide ; but before making the bargain with him, I questioned Marion more closely concerning the man. She confessed to me with tears, that Olivier wanted to marry her, though she could not endure him, as she believed him to be a bad character. She said that he was jealous of me, and I must be upon my guard against him. He had possessed a considerable estate, but had run through it and now abandoned himself to idleness ; and roaming over the woods and

mountains was what he liked best. As a guide for strangers he was excellent, 'but'—added she in a warning tone, 'do not go alone with him.'

The next time Olivier came to the house, I told him that I was now strong enough for a tour among the mountains; and I noticed that an expression of gratified malice stole over his face. I did not mention to him that I was to have companions, and a day was appointed for the expedition. It proved to be a cloudless Sunday morning in August. Olivier was punctual to the moment; he carried a Spanish dagger in his girdle, and two pistols with a long pointed cane. He had lashed to him a gourd and two pairs of steel cramps for ascending mountains; a cloak negligently hung over one shoulder, a high hat with a broad brim, covered his dark tangled hair, over which was drawn a parti-colored woolen net.

He now hoisted the knapsack which contained my travelling supplies upon his back, threw my cloak over his own and proposed to depart, after casting a scrutinizing glance at me. 'Are you going unarmed, Sir?' he inquired, while his eyes flashed. 'You are so abundantly supplied,' I replied, rather ironically, 'that I can have no fear of our being insufficient, with our companions, to defend ourselves from any attack.'

'Companions, who?' asked Olivier with a frown. I perceived that the annunciation was most disagreeable to him.

'You will soon see them,' I replied, 'but how now? you seem vexed at my not having to make the tour alone—what means this?'

'Nothing at all,' returned the Spaniard, 'I am pleased,

of course, as my pay will be larger; each of your companions will ——' 'They will give Master Olivier as much as they please,' I interrupted in a decided tone, 'after he has safely brought us to our journey's end.' The guide muttered something between his teeth which I did not understand, though it was hardly a 'God-speed.'

The first tints of the morning twilight were diffusing a rosy glow in the east; the mountain tops, lately lying in blackness, were arrayed in purple and violet robes, while night still rested in the valleys.

Steps now sounded; an iron-pointed cane was struck upon the granite pavement, the young doctor arrived, lightly equipped in the style of a German student, his botanizing box on his back, and a heavy mineralogizing hammer in his hand, which was well fastened to a bludgeon. His huge dog gambolled before him with long leaps, and awoke the neighbors with his loud barking. Olivier unwillingly beheld the arrival of this auxiliary. A fourth man now approached, the worthy shoemaker; he was accoutred in Philistine * fashion, walked with a stout knotted staff, and had a portmanteau on his back which had been preserved as a sacred relic of the years of his journeyman wanderings, and was laden with implements of every sort. While we were yet greeting him, a cheerful whistling was heard in the distance, with men's steps. The two ivory-workers came forward, whistling a merry tune in a duo, which they ended with a joyous greeting to us. They carried

* A slang word in German, applied to collegians.

sword canes, and each had besides firearms and plenty of ammunition.

Olivier stared, at seeing the company increase so fast — all these weapons and ten German fists would need many assailants to put them down. But he began the march without delay, and we followed in excellent spirits. The road ascended along the valley of the Pigue, Olivier was sparing of his words, and we talked on so much the louder and the more merrily ; delighted with this meeting of so many countrymen in a corner of the Pyrenees, with the glorious ruddy morning, with the imposing mountain peaks, and the sublime development of nature so magnificently spread around us. The sun was rising behind the mountains in the rear of us, and for a long time we saw only its flaming reflection, as the shadows of the valley covered us. The road gradually ascended the mountain. Our guide marched in front at an even pace, not casting a glance around him, yet sometimes whistling in a peculiar way, as if he wished to scare the birds, or to imitate the cry of the owls and vultures which build their nests in the mountain clefts ; but echo alone repeated his voice.

Without being aware, we had now already passed the old chapel by the way-side, and were walking under the hill where stood the deserted hut. It seemed to me, as if at this moment Olivier whistled in a louder, more significant manner, and I thought I saw him stealthily looking sideways. ‘Hollo, Olivier,’ I cried, ‘halt for a while, that we may take breath ; you go too fast. ‘Forward slowly,’ is the German rule ; we must take time in climbing mountains. You relate to us no stories,

you tell us the names of no places. What is that old chapel yonder which we have just passed ?'

'An old chapel, your honors,' replied our guide with great composure. 'And that tower?' — inquired a more distant voice. 'An old tower,' was shouted in return. 'And this hut here overhead?' — 'An old hut.' 'Deuce take you, friend Olivier, for a laconic cicero! Concerning an old wall, we expect of a guide that he should be able to tell us in the first place, what probably stood on the spot before the flood; secondly, what nation settled there; thirdly, what race inhabited the structure before it fell; fourthly, when, wherefore, and by what means it did fall; and lastly, what has happened in, at, and around it since it fell.'

'In these things I cannot serve you,' replied Olivier; 'a pious capuchin hermit lived up there long ago, who collected alms from the neighborhood. I know nothing more; how should one know the history of every heap of stones? Cells of this kind are often found in mountains, among the rocks.'

'There must be a fine echo here; just give me your fowling piece,' said I, taking the weapon into my hand, whilst I pointed it at the cabin. Olivier changed color, and quickly coming up to me said, 'Do not fire, I beg of you, it is not the custom here on Sunday morning; or at least do not fire at that cabin, the pious hermit lies buried in it. Spare your lead, Sir, until we have climbed higher upon the mountain, you may then aim it against a bear or wild goat.'

I desisted, and with my piece still cocked, held my tongue, knowing as much as I wanted. There was something amiss about this hut! In the mean time

mirable verdure of the fields and woods, the loveliness of the flowers, and the tuneful warbling of the birds; yet few pause to contemplate in detail the surprising combinations through which the almighty power of God reveals itself to our admiration and love. It is however a great volume which is open to all, and in which the very youngest may learn to spell." L. O.

PRAYING AND TRYING.

A LITTLE girl was once in the habit of doing something which her mother disapproved, whenever she went to school. Her mother told her she must try to keep from doing it, she said she did try but could not help it. She then told her she must pray to God to keep her from it. After a few days she told her mother that she had prayed but still she did it. One day she came home quite animated, exclaiming "Mother, I did not do it to-day." "How were you able to conquer the habit, my dear?" said her mother. "I found," she answered, "that if I tried ever so much I could not keep from it, and when I prayed to God he could not keep me from it unless I tried myself; so, to-day I prayed and tried both, and then I found I could leave off doing it."

M. H. A.

THE VACATION.

[See Frontispiece.]

THE long summer vacation had come to Frank and Henry, who had been "in city pent," through the fair, bright Spring days, when they were longing for their old home in the country, and the flower-covered meadow behind the house. June had followed, and they knew that the birds were singing, and that the woods and fields were in all their glory, though bricks and stones were all that greeted their eyes as they took their morning walk to school. When July came, however, and one hot day followed another, and the regular morning greeting of friends was, "Oh, what a night we've had!" it seemed as if school-boys, all-enduring as they are, were beginning to show that they were mortal; and Frank and Henry were not the only ones who rejoiced that their vacation had arrived.

They were to spend it at the seaside; and on one of those days in the middle of July, when the city walls and pavement seem like one huge baker's oven, they found themselves in Mrs. Bent's old brown cottage, just on the edge of the sea, with a pebbly beach in front, the woods and berry thickets behind, and on one side, and reaching far around, a ledge of the Cohasset rocks.

The boys had been used to boating on the river when they lived in the country, and though two years had passed since that time, Frank retained skill enough to be trusted to manage the sail-boat with the aid of his brother, who though several years younger than he, was

so careful and docile, and at the same time so courageous, that he was always to be trusted.

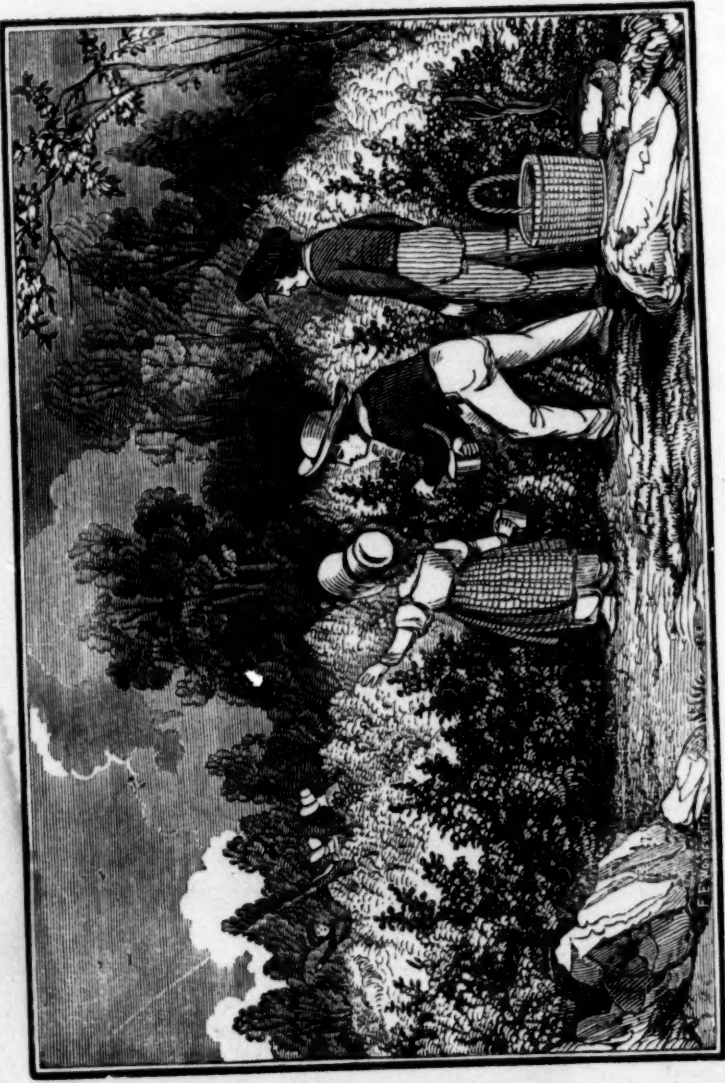
After pushing off in the little dory, Frank found himself in command of a fine boat, with just wind enough to fill his sail; and the exhilaration produced by the change from the hot, dusty city air to the fresh sea-breeze, by the beautiful and wild scenery that surrounded them, and by the bounding motion of their little bark, was such, that there was no way of giving it vent so natural as to break forth into singing. Henry's sweet tones, mingled with Frank's deep second, were borne over the water to the cottage in "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," as they went out; and as, with untired voices and hands, they returned in an hour or two, and the dory landed them on the gay pebbles, the measured cadence of, "Row, brothers, row," gave note of their approach.

S. S. F.

[To be continued.]

MEMORY.

A thing that glideth about,
When the stars are in and the sun is out,
Oft times escaping the eye
That seeketh it out most anxiously;—
Yet when the night-shades fall,
And the work of the day is done,
Ever it trippeth home
By the light of the evening sun.



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full of them ; they are only allowed to follow their trade in the morning before the streets are filled with carriages and the busy world. It is really curious and amusing, to see these poor creatures at their work. They have a stick with a hook in the end, and it is surprising, the dexterity with which they fish up their dirty treasures out of the gutters, and toss them over their heads, ready to be put into the basket into which one of their number stands ready to gather them. I am told the trade is a profitable one, that they often find quite valuable things in the mud ; and at any rate the rags after being washed in the Seine, the great receptacle of all filth in Paris, can be sold to make paper of. I had an idea that this was very shocking work ; but I noticed the women had on great thick, high wooden shoes, which protected their feet completely, and that their stockings and other clothes were clean and respectable. This, by the by, is the case with all Frenchwomen. Nice skirts and stockings and boots, for ladies, and stout shoes for the poor women.

But let us hasten to Notre Dame. The nave of the church was full. Around the altar all the priests and dignitaries of the church were seated ; the Archbishop of Paris in a high seat, and an empty one by his side for the new archbishop when he was finished and prepared for the honor. All the priests were in full dress, every one was in full costume. Their garments were stiff with gold and silver. The eyes were dazzled with their splendor.

Perfect silence prevailed, and the ceremony commenced. The priest who was to be made into a bishop, had all sorts of things done to him. He knelt, he prayed,



he was prayed over, he was read to, he had hands laid upon him, he was crossed; incense was thrown up, the organ played, and all the priests and bishops knelt and rose from their knees, and knelt and rose again, and again; high mass was said, I believe, and the show was very remarkable. Once the poor mortal who was to be consecrated, knelt before the old bishop, and while he was kneeling with his head stooped over in his lap, another dignitary took a large Bible (as I suppose,) and put it on his back in the fashion of a saddle; he remained in this attitude and thus accoutred, for some minutes, and then it was taken off, and he was allowed to rise. Finally they took him and tied napkins upon him, on his arms and his neck, and then led him to a little knot of priests a little out of my sight; in a few moments he reappeared with all his canonicals on, except the mitre. Now he was brilliant indeed, loaded with gold ornaments, stiff with splendor. His face I noticed was very red, and he looked weary. I did not quite understand the tumbled towels; whether these were to catch the consecrating oil that they poured on his head, or whether they were emblematic of the filthy rags of this world, which he laid aside for the new and shining garments of perfect holiness, I could not find out. Now the new archbishop knelt again before the old archbishop, and the old one put the mitre upon the head of the new one. This he received reverently, looking extremely embarrassed, a little as if a fool's cap was put upon his head. Then the archbishop of Paris embraced and kissed him, and after that all the other bishops, who as the French say, assisted at the ceremony, performed the same act on both sides of his face. After

this, the new archbishop and his holy brother of Paris, walked side by side, followed by all the other bishops and priests, down from the altar among the audience; and the new dignitary gave his blessing to all the people. They marched all round the church, so that none should be deprived of the advantage. My sister and I were standing in a sort of niche, when the procession passed us. The archbishop looked directly in our faces, and waved his consecrated hand, as if over our heads; the Catholics all fell on their knees when they received this expression of his good will; we reverently bowed our heads. One part of the time during the ceremony, we went into the gallery of the church, and looked down upon the immense crowd of people, and the pomp and pageantry of the whole scene; and a grand spectacle it was. The venerable old building so filled with historical interest, the splendid inheritance of Catholicism, the very dresses that Napoleon had presented to the church for such occasions, some of which had been worn at his coronation, the immense crowd of worshippers so serious and attentive, then all the history of the triumphs, of the decay of Catholicism, its persecutions and cruelties, and now its comparative harmlessness and insignificance, and yet again its enslaving power over weak minds, — all these were in my mind while I saw the consecration of an archbishop.

You would be somewhat amused if you were in Paris in the spring, or as they call it here, the month of Marc, to see the little altars in the streets, made and served by the children. You will often see in the street a table with a white cloth on it, and on it an altar and a

crucifix and candles, and images of the virgin, and various other things in imitation of the altars in the churches, and two or three children in attendance who perform the part of priests; and as soon as they see any one passing from whom they think they may get a few sous, they offer a little tin plate to him, and ask for something for the poor of their church. I have sometimes seen half-a dozen in the course of a walk. I began by giving a sou, but soon found it best to refuse.

I wish I could carry you with me to Versailles. You must see, in order to form any adequate notion of the magnificence of this chateau. The magnificent equestrian statue of Louis Quatorze, which you can see afar off as you approach, the noble statues in the grand court-yard, and the ancient regal aspect of the whole scene are beyond all description. As I stood lost in wonder and admiration, my friend who introduced me to this world of wonders, pointed to a window in one corner of the building; there, she said, Louis Sixteenth passed much of his time making locks; and there from that balcony, Marie Antoinette appeared with her children and the king, when she addressed the wild, enraged Parisian mob. Of the countless fountains I will not speak, of the splendid halls, of the seven miles of pictures; but only of the little private apartments of the unhappy queen, of the small door through which she escaped from the fury of the soldiers, I must say just a word. In her boudoir, which we saw, she had caused to be arranged in a whimsical manner, some mirrors, so that if you looked in a certain way, you saw your body without your head. I looked, and saw myself headless. Strange chance that made her wild fancy prophetic of

the terrible future. We went to see the little Trianon, her bijou, her plaything ; a lovely place it is. Here she tried to put aside state and the queen, and be a happy human being. Alas, for the poor kings and queens, grandeur looks to them like the poisoned shirt.

Here Marie Antoinette had a *Lactine*, a milk-house, where she is said to have made butter and cheese. Here she caused to be built twelve cottages after the Swiss fashion, and filled them with poor families, and gave them work and tried to make them happy. Here she cultivated a lovely garden ; here she sought for peace and quietness, and to slake her ardent thirst for happiness at the fountain of nature and simplicity and charity.

We went into her dairy. It was fit for a queen to make butter in. In the centre of the beautifully shaped room, was a large oblong, white marble table ; on each side were places for admitting the water, and under them beautiful marble reservoirs in the shape of shells, and underneath large slabs of white marble. All was still, all was so chaste, so beautiful, all was as it once was, and she, the poor sufferer, what a story of blighted hope and bitter sorrow ! See her the night before her trial, which she knew would end in death, mending her own old shoes, that she might appear more decently. The solemn realities of life had come to her unsought.

The cottages, the milk-house, the farm-house, the music room, were all empty and silent. A guard of soldiers alone are there to keep visitors from transgressing.

Her garden which she loved, is still cultivated and kept in good order. I stole a few pansies from it at the risk of being ordered off the grounds if seen, but



I was not seen. I shall always keep these pansies. I afterwards saw at Fontainbleau, her bedroom, the great state bed, with curtains, &c. of Lyons satin, splendid beyond description ; and the windows fastened by bolts of the most exquisite workmanship, made by Louis Sixteenth. Here was the very wash basin, and ewer of Sevres china which the beautiful, the then happy queen, had used. We walked in the glorious old forest, where she and Louis and countless others, so called great and powerful, had walked in their pride and glory, rejoicing in the homage of their fellow men. All of these had passed away ; the noble long-drawn green aisles of the old forest, echoed no longer with their shouts of merriment. But the birds sang as musically, and the wind sounded as soothingly through the branches of the old trees as then. There was one noble old oak one hundred and fifty feet high, which they called Pharamond ; others of almost equal height, called after Clovis, Charlemagne and others of their kings. There they stand, "fixed in their own strength, looking tranquillity," while all those whose names they bore, had passed away, and were of another and a past age. But here they were, speaking not merely of the past, but of the everlasting present.

We saw also, at Fontainbleau, the little round table upon which Napoleon signed his abdication, the night before he departed for Elba. We saw the bed he slept in the last time, as Emperor ; the wash basin he used ; in short all was just as he left it. The table which is very small, is in a glass case in the middle of the room. They could not trust it ; if it could be touched, it would disappear before long ; all would take a piece of it, so is his memory worshipped.

E. L. F.

## WANDERINGS AMONG THE PYRENEES,

## OR, THE MOUNTAIN HUT.

[Translated from the German of Pechstein.]

It is believed that the young musician who has been already introduced to our readers, will be found as entertaining among the Pyrenees, as in describing his military adventures and the festivals of Paris. Having lost his health, he had been ordered by his physician to repair to the celebrated baths of Bagneres.

"Here," says he, "in a sublime region, beneath the shadow of the huge mountain, whose marble and granite ridge extends from one end of the horizon to the other, its head rising out of the billows of the Mediterranean, and its foot bathed in the waters of the bay of Biscay, those wonder-working waters which form the baths of Bagneres de Luchon, seethe in its deep bosom and gurgle up for the healing of human diseases. Here I determined to live in retirement, making excursions among the mountains as soon as my health would permit, and living far away from any company which would do me harm. I sought for private lodgings, and was so fortunate as to find a neat house belonging to one of the common people, which had been evacuated last by an English family. The inhabitants consisted of a father and mother and a very pretty daughter. I was saluted in a friendly manner by them, and gladly made welcome to a furnished apartment, though they could not have expected much profit from a single boarder.

In their simplicity, they seemed pleased that their house was not to be entirely empty, and at being able to lavish their care and attention upon one guest at least. I took possession of a small but tastefully furnished apartment, which the lovely Marion decorated with fresh flowers, while the cool, healthy mountain breeze streamed in through the open window. The day was sunny, and I gazed with admiring wonder on the prospect before me. The view into the valley was unobstructed, over which frowned gigantic precipices, gaily overspread with pinks and parti-colored lichens. High above, upon one of these precipices, stood the ruins of a tower, the relic of a fortress in the dark middle ages, lowering like a black giant over the beautiful Alpine scene. A mountain river, the Pigue, if I mistake not, rushed roaring through its rocky channel, and descended into the hollow cauldron of Bagnères in graceful cascades. On the path leading upwards from the valley, an ancient chapel stood in solitude; the whole formed a pictorial landscape of perfect beauty, wherein the fresh green of the meadows and the foliage of the cork-trees, which partly shaded the valley, formed a striking contrast with the masses of naked rocks boldly projecting themselves, and with the huge fragments scattered over the meadows and the channel of the stream, in sign of the violent concussions of nature in former times. The background was formed by the snow, and ice-covered peaks belonging to Mount Maladetta.

Marion, the artless and obliging daughter of the family, was delighted at my being able to understand every word of her Bascanian patois, having had great difficulty both in making herself intelligible to the guests

who had preceded me, and in comprehending them. This merry child of nature showed me the way to the baths, which led through a lane outside of the town. And now the warm salubrious waters received me for the first time; the water is slimy, and I perceived in the basin some inoffensive snakes, whose free sportive movements I watched with pleasure.

The days passed away very agreeably. The family were most friendly and attentive to me. I gave lessons upon the guitar to the young daughter. The baths produced a highly beneficial effect upon my health; I blessed the physician who had prescribed them to me, and wrote to him my thanks.

A tall, sun-browned young man, named Olivier, often visited at the house, and I learned that it was his business to guide the visitors of the baths among the mountains, and heard him praised for his civility and perseverance. He was recommended indeed as by far the most skilful guide in those parts; still, there was a freedom and a bold forwardness in his bearing, which did not wholly please me. Thus far I had undertaken no extensive rambles; my health not yet allowing of any genuine mountain excursions; it was moreover reported, that many assaults and robberies had occurred of late upon the other side of the mountains, on the road between Bagnères and Venasque, without the least trace having been discovered of the robbers. It seemed to me so natural that such things should happen on the border land between two countries at war with one another, that I gave no great heed to the rumors and was not deterred from my purpose to make some acquaintance with these majestic mountains.



Olivier more than once gave me to understand that he was desirous of being my guide. He described with unusual eloquence, both the charms and the horrors of those mountainous passes and regions; he told of the rhododendron, and other beautiful Alpine plants, and of the rare minerals found there — also of the timid bears which were no objects of fear, since they always ran away at the sight of a man; and of the fleet izard, a species of wild goat, the chase of which yields great sport; in short, he entered into such details concerning the animals, plants and minerals, as convinced me that I was in the presence of an accomplished mountaineer, before whom I was ashamed to confess my ignorance in all three of the realms of nature.

I promised to entrust myself at some future time, to his guidance; but in the meanwhile, I pursued my little rambles for the most part alone, and usually took the path towards the before-mentioned ancient, lonely, deeply embowered, and as it seemed, unfrequented chapel; or else I proceeded farther up the valley, towards the tower on the precipice, called by the natives 'the old castle,' an appellation which in a lively manner reminded me of my home, where the same — Altenburg — adheres to so many mountain fastnesses and ruins, the real names of which have floated away on the stream of time.

Upon an eminence on one side, between the tower and the chapel, a hut in ruins was buried among dwarf cherry trees, whose large, finely flavored fruit was a cordial both to the sick and well. Accident and my appetite prompted me to ascend the hill and gather some of the unripe cherries; in doing which I ap-

proached the hut, and noticed a door still remaining in the back-wall, which was overgrown with moss, conducting probably to some passage through the rocks, against which the rear of the hut closely leaned. This door was now standing open. I paid little heed to the ruined hut which was precisely like those miserable roofed sheds, built of rough stones, which are found in German vineyards, and I looked towards it a second time only in consequence of a slight sound which struck upon my ear, and seemed to come from it. But lo! the door which a moment before had been open, was now closed; no other information did my eye afford me, all around me was solitary, and still as death. Whoever has at any time found himself entirely alone in a strange land, on a sultry summer-day, amid a desolate rocky valley, the solemn stillness of nature surrounding him, will understand the peculiar sensation which such a situation calls forth. It is not exactly fear, as the place may be one of perfect safety; no! it is rather a feeling of the mysterious, of the awful! Strange thoughts glide into the dreaming soul and scare away its, perchance, pleasant dreams. German superstition with its frosty chill came over me — that I had not been dreaming, I was sure, I was equally sure that I had seen the door open, and that I now with my own eyes saw it shut. I did not conceive it to be my duty to explore the secret; it was enough for me that at first I had perceived an opening, which now had vanished without the appearance of any living being. All the slumbering remembrances from my youthful days, of the fables and traditions of home, awoke in me. Perhaps that rocky wall concealed a treasure; perhaps

a subterranean passage led thither from the old tower. I should not have been in the least surprised, if the door had again opened, and I had seen the apparition of some wandering mountain witch with her bunch of keys, and long streaming hair. Nothing of the sort however happened, and I returned to Bagneres.

When I gave Marion an account of my ramble, as was my custom, I asked her what that small house was ; and the good child told me all she knew about it.

‘ Oh,’ said she, ‘ the old cabin above the chapel ; an ancient hermit, a capuchin who died long ago, once lived there. It has stood empty ever since, and is falling to pieces, as no one cares to use it as a hermitage.’

‘ Is there nothing more to be told concerning it ? — no ghost story ? ’ I inquired ; but Marion knew of none, and I soon ceased to think about it.

I had the pleasure of finding several German countrymen in Bagneres, two of whom were brothers, workers in ivory, from Strasburg, and a shoemaker, from Cologne. These had a fancy to make a mountain tour in my company, and a young physician from Saxony, who had been attracted to Bagneres, wished to join our party. Olivier was to be our guide ; but before making the bargain with him, I questioned Marion more closely concerning the man. She confessed to me with tears, that Olivier wanted to marry her, though she could not endure him, as she believed him to be a bad character. She said that he was jealous of me, and I must be upon my guard against him. He had possessed a considerable estate, but had run through it and now abandoned himself to idleness ; and roaming over the woods and

mountains was what he liked best. As a guide for strangers he was excellent, 'but' — added she in a warning tone, 'do not go alone with him.'

The next time Olivier came to the house, I told him that I was now strong enough for a tour among the mountains; and I noticed that an expression of gratified malice stole over his face. I did not mention to him that I was to have companions, and a day was appointed for the expedition. It proved to be a cloudless Sunday morning in August. Olivier was punctual to the moment; he carried a Spanish dagger in his girdle, and two pistols with a long pointed cane. He had lashed to him a gourd and two pairs of steel cramps for ascending mountains; a cloak negligently hung over one shoulder, a high hat with a broad brim, covered his dark tangled hair, over which was drawn a parti-colored woolen net.

He now hoisted the knapsack which contained my travelling supplies upon his back, threw my cloak over his own and proposed to depart, after casting a scrutinizing glance at me. 'Are you going unarmed, Sir?' he inquired, while his eyes flashed. 'You are so abundantly supplied,' I replied, rather ironically, 'that I can have no fear of our being insufficient, with our companions, to defend ourselves from any attack.'

'Companions, who?' asked Olivier with a frown. I perceived that the annunciation was most disagreeable to him.

'You will soon see them,' I replied, 'but how now? you seem vexed at my not having to make the tour alone — what means this?'

'Nothing at all,' returned the Spaniard, 'I am pleased,



of course, as my pay will be larger; each of your companions will ——' 'They will give Master Olivier as much as they please,' I interrupted in a decided tone, 'after he has safely brought us to our journey's end.' The guide muttered something between his teeth which I did not understand, though it was hardly a 'God-speed.'

The first tints of the morning twilight were diffusing a rosy glow in the east; the mountain tops, lately lying in blackness, were arrayed in purple and violet robes, while night still rested in the valleys.

Steps now sounded; an iron-pointed cane was struck upon the granite pavement, the young doctor arrived, lightly equipped in the style of a German student, his botanizing box on his back, and a heavy mineralogizing hammer in his hand, which was well fastened to a bludgeon. His huge dog gambolled before him with long leaps, and awoke the neighbors with his loud barking. Olivier unwillingly beheld the arrival of this auxiliary. A fourth man now approached, the worthy shoemaker; he was accoutred in Philistine \* fashion, walked with a stout knotted staff, and had a portmanteau on his back which had been preserved as a sacred relic of the years of his journeyman wanderings, and was laden with implements of every sort. While we were yet greeting him, a cheerful whistling was heard in the distance, with men's steps. The two ivory-workers came forward, whistling a merry tune in a duo, which they ended with a joyous greeting to us. They carried

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\* A slang word in German, applied to collegians.

sword canes, and each had besides firearms and plenty of ammunition.

Olivier stared, at seeing the company increase so fast — all these weapons and ten German fists would need many assailants to put them down. But he began the march without delay, and we followed in excellent spirits. The road ascended along the valley of the Pigue, Olivier was sparing of his words, and we talked on so much the louder and the more merrily ; delighted with this meeting of so many countrymen in a corner of the Pyrenees, with the glorious ruddy morning, with the imposing mountain peaks, and the sublime development of nature so magnificently spread around us. The sun was rising behind the mountains in the rear of us, and for a long time we saw only its flaming reflection, as the shadows of the valley covered us. The road gradually ascended the mountain. Our guide marched in front at an even pace, not casting a glance around him, yet sometimes whistling in a peculiar way, as if he wished to scare the birds, or to imitate the cry of the owls and vultures which build their nests in the mountain clefts ; but echo alone repeated his voice.

Without being aware, we had now already passed the old chapel by the way-side, and were walking under the hill where stood the deserted hut. It seemed to me, as if at this moment Olivier whistled in a louder, more significant manner, and I thought I saw him stealthily looking sideways. ‘Hollo, Olivier,’ I cried, ‘halt for a while, that we may take breath ; you go too fast. ‘Forward slowly,’ is the German rule ; we must take time in climbing mountains. You relate to us no stories,

you tell us the names of no places. What is that old chapel yonder which we have just passed ?'

'An old chapel, your honors,' replied our guide with great composure. 'And that tower?' — inquired a more distant voice. 'An old tower,' was shouted in return. 'And this hut here overhead?' — 'An old hut.' 'Deuce take you, friend Olivier, for a laconic cicerone! Concerning an old wall, we expect of a guide that he should be able to tell us in the first place, what probably stood on the spot before the flood; secondly, what nation settled there; thirdly, what race inhabited the structure before it fell; fourthly, when, wherefore, and by what means it did fall; and lastly, what has happened in, at, and around it since it fell.'

'In these things I cannot serve you,' replied Olivier; 'a pious capuchin hermit lived up there long ago, who collected alms from the neighborhood. I know nothing more; how should one know the history of every heap of stones? Cells of this kind are often found in mountains, among the rocks.'

'There must be a fine echo here; just give me your fowling piece,' said I, taking the weapon into my hand, whilst I pointed it at the cabin. Olivier changed color, and quickly coming up to me said, 'Do not fire, I beg of you, it is not the custom here on Sunday morning; or at least do not fire at that cabin, the pious hermit lies buried in it. Spare your lead, Sir, until we have climbed higher upon the mountain, you may then aim it against a bear or wild goat.'

I desisted, and with my piece still cocked, held my tongue, knowing as much as I wanted. There was something amiss about this hut! In the mean time

we had passed it. I kept my thoughts to myself, and freely yielded myself to the gratification which is afforded in such various ways by a mountain tour.

The tower of the Pyrenean Altenburg now stood like a pillar of flame, glowing in the golden sunlight above us. The red pinks perfumed the air; an enchanting variety of flowers was already beginning to appear, and our botanist joyfully commenced culling them.

Upon a continually ascending rocky path, the high grass of which hung full of glistening dewdrops, we followed the channel of a precipitous torrent, which formed cascades out of its rushing, foaming waters, delighting the eye and mind with their picturesque magnificence. Here bloomed the Pyrenean hemlock, the superb dianthus, the sassafras and many other rare and beautiful species of Alpine plants. The blue flowers of the gentian peeped forth from the dewy verdure, like the sweet eyes of children, while the purple species rose proud and high on its flowery stalk, like Flora's regal sceptre. The happy botanist named to us all these beautiful plants; and I could almost have envied him his rich store of knowledge, and the delight which it procured him. Knowledge and science, inasmuch as they are possessions which cannot be taken away from us, bestow a happiness which cannot be prized too highly. How poor I seemed to myself, that in this beautiful, glorious world of God, I knew and was able to call by name, scarcely any thing, save my musical notes and what life daily presented before my eyes. A symphony from God's omnipotence and omnipresence here sounded around me; the notes of which Nature had im-



printed in living characters on flowers and blossoms, birds and butterflies, clouds and mountains. The mountain brook leaped in allegro, while presto thundered from hill-top to valley.

We reached a high plain which was surrounded on three sides, like a wide basin, by the mountain walls, and with surprise we beheld expanded before our wondering eyes, the silver gleaming mirror of a lake, into the opposite end of which a splendid waterfall streamed down, like a broad waving silver ribbon. We here sat down, and spread out all our store of provisions for a merry pic-nic breakfast, while the breeze from the mountain and the water, cooled our glowing cheeks.

The view down the valley through which we had ascended, with its side-vales, was inexpressibly magnificent. Olivier now exhibited his accomplishments as a guide. He named to us every place in sight, and pointed out the situation of others which were not visible, giving the names of those summits which surrounded the rocky basin of the lake. Had we but been standing on the highest point of the ridge, so as to have looked down on Spain, our eyes would have revelled in a scene of indescribable beauty.

And now, we scaled the rocky stair-case called the Ladder. In these higher regions, a different climate and other flowers surrounded us. New mountain peaks, partially covered with snow and ice, emerged from the horizon. Here nature seemed dead, and the Espingo reared its icy three-forked crown, like the gigantic potentate of this realm of death. We had arrived at the region of snow, and its cold breath fanned us; but we proceeded until we came to the bank of a frozen

lake, which Olivier called the Sel de la Prague; at one side we looked down upon a glacier, while in front, the three peaks of the Espingo glistened over against us.

It was now time to return. Deeper and deeper we descended into valleys full of thick woods, full of green velvet meadows, full of murmuring brooks and of a holy stillness. The brook which accompanied us was the Burbe, its little cascades glistened like silver, and where it glided in serpentine windings, its verdure vied with that of the loveliest rivulets among the Swiss Alps. Far down, in the bottom of a valley as it seemed, we noticed an ancient tower. To our inquiries concerning it our guide dryly answered, 'It is the same which the gentlemen passed in the morning.' We were full of surprise and admiration, to find the tower which stood so high above the valley, now lying so far beneath our feet. We now first perceived how far we had gone, and how far we had yet to go. The sun had already hidden himself behind the gigantic heights in our rear, yet we enjoyed all the picturesque loveliness of the vale of Luchon before the shadows of evening overtook us.

At a beautiful point we once more rested, and sent our guide down into the valley to bring us some fresh water. Though shy and mistrustful, and in general sparing of his words, he had still behaved so well and with such propriety, that we had reason to be satisfied with him and his guidance. He had moreover so directed our course, that within the compass of the allotted day, we had seen a great deal, and travelled over spaces impossible to have been gone over in so short a time among the Swiss Alps, where we should not have

even thought of returning the same day to our starting-place. As the conversation turned upon Olivier's knowledge of the region, I not only imparted to my companions what I knew about him, but I also gave vent to my suspicion, that he was concerned in some mystery connected with the ruined cabin which we had seen in the morning.

'We will go and examine into the matter,' said one of the ivory-turners.

'But who knows how dangerous a hiding-place this hut may be?' said his brother, 'There is no lack of suspicious rogues among the mountains. I should advise no one to go alone or without arms, to any distance from frequented places.'

'We had better keep together, and be on our guard, as we return home,' said the young doctor, 'especially when we pass that suspicious house.'

'I am thinking,' said the jolly shoemaker, 'that we shall do well to take another holiday, and go with new recruits to examine the hut. At home, I always find the greatest pleasure in going on exploring expeditions and creeping around fallen walls.'

'Wait a little,' said I, 'let us see whether Olivier will not propose to me another mountain excursion; he will without doubt, if he is plotting mischief against me, since his plan to-day was frustrated; he was vexed at your arrival, my dear fellows.'

'We will make him good humored,' proposed the doctor, 'by giving him a handsome fee for guiding us;' accordingly we contributed a pretty little sum in addition to what I had promised for myself.

Olivier came back with the water. We refreshed

ourselves and set out again. The mountain tops glowed with the rosy tints of twilight; black shadows rested on the valleys. Late, but in perfect safety, we reached Bagnères. Marion had been anxiously expecting me, and received me with the most cordial welcome. Olivier frowned." L. O.

[To be concluded next month.]

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### THANK GOD FOR SUMMER.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I LOVED the Winter once with all my soul,  
And longed for snow-storms, hail, and mantled skies;  
And sang their praises in as gay a troll  
As Troubadours have poured to Beauty's eyes.

I deemed the hard, black frost a pleasant thing,  
For logs blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out;  
And wild birds came with tame and gentle wing  
To eat the bread my young hand flung about.

But I have walked into the world since then,  
And seen the bitter work that cold can do —  
Where the grim Ice-King levels babes and men  
With bloodless spear that pierces through and through.

I know now, there are those who sink and lie  
Upon a stone bed at the dead of night,  
I know the roofless and unfed *must* die,  
When even lips at Plenty's Feast turn white.



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And now whene'er I hear the cuckoo's song  
In budding woods, I bless the joyous comer;  
While my heart runs a cadence in a throng  
Of hopeful notes, that say — "Thank God for Summer!"

I've learnt that sunshine bringeth more than flowers,  
And fruits, and forest-leaves to cheer the earth;  
For I have seen sad spirits, like dark bowers,  
Light up beneath it with a grateful mirth.

The aged limbs that quiver in their task  
Of dragging life on, when the north winds goad —  
Taste once again contentment, as they bask  
In the straight beams that warm their church-yard road.

And Childhood — poor, pinched Childhood — half forgets  
The starving pittance of our cottage homes,  
When he can leave the hearth and chase the nets  
Of gossamer that cross him as he roams.

The moping idiot seemeth less distraught  
When he can sit upon the grass all day,  
And laugh and clutch the blades, as though he thought  
The yellow sun-rays challenged him to play.

Ah! dearly now I hail the nightingale,  
And greet the bee — the merry-going hummer —  
And when the lilies peep so sweet and pale,  
I kiss their cheeks, and say — "Thank God for Summer!"

Feet that limp, blue and bleeding, as they go  
For dainty cresses in December's dawn,  
Can wade and dabble in the brooklet's flow,  
And woo the gurgles on a July morn.

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The tired pilgrim, who would shrink with dread  
If Winter's drowsy torpor lulled his brain,  
Is free to choose his mossy Summer bed,  
And sleep his hour or two in some green lane.

Oh! Ice-toothed King, I loved you once — but now  
I never see you come without a pang  
Of hopeless pity shadowing my brow,  
To think how naked flesh must feel your fang.

My eyes watch now to see the elms unfold,  
And my ears listen to the callow rook,  
I hunt the willows for their first rich gold,  
And pry for violets in the Southern nook.

And when fair Flora sends the butterfly  
Painted and spangled, as her herald mummer;  
"Now for warm holidays," my heart will cry,  
"The poor will suffer less!—Thank God for Summer!"

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### A SHORT SERMON WITHOUT A TEXT;

PREACHED TO A COMPANY OF SUNDAY SCHOLARS,  
ON A PLEASANT ISLAND.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS — I am going to read to you, this evening, a sermon which I hope the smallest children here will be able to understand; but still, I shall try to tell you some things which will be curious and instructive to the older boys and girls, and may be pleasant and profitable for the teachers and parents and

our friends in general to hear. Do not begin to be tired already because I said I was going to read a sermon. I do not mean that I am going to preach a sermon to you with a text taken from the Bible; — I am going to read a sermon without a text, or a lecture, if you like better to call it so. You go to church perhaps, twice every Sunday, and hear sermons without understanding much about them; now I should be glad to deliver one to you, which you can understand and will be glad to listen to. I said I should not take any text to preach from, that is to say, out of the Bible. But I shall take a good many texts from the Bible of Nature. I must tell some of you what I mean by this. Bible you know means book, and our Holy Bible is called *the Bible* because it is the book of all books, the best. But there was a time once — a long, long time, when men had no Bible, no Holy Bible; indeed, there was a time when men had no books at all, when they had not even begun to write on stone, much less on skin or parchment or papyrus, that great broad leaf that used to grow by the shores of the rivers in the East. After a good many years, men began to write on parchment or the skin of beasts; the old Romans wrote their books on this, and rolled them up on a stick, and any one who wanted to read had to unroll them. This is why books were called *volumes*; this is the way the New Testament was written. Well, then, there was a time when people had no books; when they had not even any of those great stone picture books, which are found now in Mexico, and other parts of the world and are called *Hieroglyphics*. I say there was a time when even these kinds of writing had not begun to be

used ; when the only book was the great Book of Nature : when the only Bible or Holy Book that men had to read out of was the earth, and the seas, and the skies and the stars, and their own and each other's minds and faces. This book was full of pictures. Every one could read in it without buying it ; everybody owned it and nobody could shut it up so as not to let any one else see it. This great and good, and glorious book was open day and night. In the day time one page was open, and in the night time another ; the leaves of this book were the *leaves* on the trees. This book was a singular book for one thing : books generally speak to the eye of the person that reads them ; but this book spoke also to the ear. Men not only read about birds in their book and saw pictures of them, but they heard them sing. Another thing — in your picture books every thing is still, nothing moves — but in this great book nothing was still, every thing was moving ; the sun and the stars were rising and setting, the streams running down the mountains away off into the ocean, and then the little fine drops were carried up to make clouds, and the clouds again came down in rain ; and the clouds sailed along through the sky, and the shadows chased each other along over the green meadow, and every thing seemed alive. This was a living book ; and what language was this book written in ? was it English, or French or Spanish ? No, it was written in a language that every body all over the world could read and understand. This book told about a great, powerful, wise and very kind Being, God, who made it and spread out its pages before everybody's eyes ; who printed this



book and colored it so beautifully. The name of the author of this book was written on the title page. The moment man looked at this book he saw who wrote it. You recollect David's song or psalm which he probably sung at sunrise when he had risen from sleep to offer his morning worship. "The heavens declare the glory of God! and the firmament showeth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is to them no speech nor language, (that is to say) their voice is not heard; yet their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world." You see David was reading a morning lesson in the great Book of Nature. Isaac too, you will remember, used sometimes to take an evening lesson in the same book. "He went out to meditate in the fields at eventide."

Now this great book I have been speaking to you about, is open this day just as it has been ever since the Creation. Every day and every night it tells the same story of the greatness and the goodness of God; and yet it does not tell it exactly in the same way, any two days or nights in succession. The same sun shines now that broke out after the deluge, and yet there are no two sunsets exactly alike in every thing. You never see the clouds take exactly the same shape one day that they had the day before. Every day and every night turns over a new leaf in the Book of Nature.

Now this is the book I said I was going to preach to you from, this Book of Nature. All that you see when you look around you, and over your heads, is called Nature, and your bodies are a part of Nature,

and the most wonderful part too. You are, every one of you, fearfully and wonderfully made. The body which you inhabit is like a temple within a temple. Many of you have read a book called "The House I Live In." Your body is the house in which your mind lives; your eyes are the windows, through these windows your soul looks out, and flies out, and sees the heavens, and seems to soar up and touch the stars. Through these windows you look out in a clear, calm day, and the blue sky looks down upon you like the eye of your Father in Heaven; and at night, you see the stars, and do they not seem to you sometimes like watchful angels, that whisper to you of a higher and more glorious world than this.

Does it not seem strange to you when you come to think of it, that you do not wonder more than you do, at the works of God, and that you do not take more pleasure in reading out of this book, called the Book of Nature? Why do you suppose God made us to stand and walk upright, while other animals creep along with their faces to the ground? I do not know certainly, but I think one great reason was that we might easily and often lift up our eyes to the heavens, and think of the greatness of Him who made us, and gave us a mind that can travel far beyond our bodies, through the spaces of the stars. We cannot tell how much or how little mind brutes have; or whether they have what may be called a soul or not, — but it does seem to me, sometimes, as if the lower animals worshipped and feared man as their God. Robert Burns said this about dogs. He said man was the god whom the

dog revered ; and he said that men ought to take a lesson from the dog, and take shame to themselves that they did not show so much reverence for their God as the dog did for his. We are made upright as if to show that we ought to live above the earth more nobly than the brutes, — that we ought to keep our minds awake and often read in the glorious book of God's universe, and not merely like beasts, eat and drink and sleep and quarrel ; that we ought not to behave meanly and maliciously towards one another, envying and trying to injure each other, but should be above such things, lift up our eyes and learn to live and to love like children of the great God, and beings who are to live when this vast world shall have passed away. When you look up to the heavens and think how high and vast and endless they are, and think of all those sparkling worlds, every one of them, perhaps, full of people ; and then look down and think how small a place you take up on this little earth, in a corner of God's creation, perhaps you feel as if you were a very small creature, but when you think of your mind, and remember that it can take in the whole world, and that you may even form some idea of so great a Being as God, your Heavenly Father, — when you think of all this, can you not tell what it means where it says you are made "a little lower than the angels?" C. T. B.

[To be continued.]

## LUCY MASON,

## OR LIFE AND DEATH.

"MAMMA, why did God cause me to be born, and then determine to make me die?" Mrs. Mason was the person addressed, but aunt Judith who sat knitting by the fire, could not bear to lose so good an opportunity for impressing upon the mind of little Lucy the sovereignty of God. "He made you for *his* glory, my dear," she pronounced in a solemn tone of voice.

Lucy burst into tears. It seemed cruel indeed that all the delights of life and home, should be given her to be withdrawn for what seemed to her an entirely selfish purpose.

Mrs. Mason was truly concerned. She had most earnestly endeavored to call forth cheering and affectionate views of their Creator from her children's minds and hearts. That one speech of aunt Judith's had made an impression which she feared she should find it very difficult, if not impossible entirely to eradicate. Yet aunt Judith was a very good woman. She faithfully and disinterestedly performed her duties, and the last thing she would have done would have been to interrupt the happiness of any human being, for a selfish purpose of her own. But gloomy views of life and religion shed their darkening influence over her manners and conversation, and made her peculiarly unlovely in the eyes of the young and joyous.



Mrs. Mason did not like to wound her feelings by a direct contradiction of her assertion. She called her little girl to her, took her up into her lap, kissed and soothed her, and after she became composed enough to listen, said to her, "My dear Lucy, God is not a tyrannical or selfish being. His glory consists in the happiness of the beings to whom he has given life.

"Suppose your father and I, instead of treating you kindly and affectionately, were stern and harsh, took no pains to make you happy, and denied you innocent enjoyments, without any reason for it, would that be to our glory or our shame?"

"Oh! you ought to be ashamed of it if you did so."

"If then it is the shame of earthly parents to make their children unhappy, and their glory to promote their happiness, is it not the glory of our Heavenly Father that the children he has created, enjoy the existence he has given them?"

"Oh! yes mamma."

"And is it not a disgrace to earthly parents when their children are wicked, and an honor to them when they behave well?"

"Yes, aunt Judith said yesterday that Ann Wilson was a disgrace to her father and mother, but that she hoped we should be a crown of rejoicing to ours."

"You see then, my love, that you glorify God by being good and happy. Now do you not feel better about it?"

"A little better. But it does seem cruel that people must die, and go away and leave all their friends."

"Do you not remember, dear, when George went into the high school, how sorry he felt to leave his teacher

and playmates? He had spent very many happy hours with them; and to separate from them and go among strangers, seemed very hard to him. Yet it was best that he should do so. He had learnt all that was taught in the school he had so long attended. To acquire more knowledge it was necessary that he should be placed in a new situation. This world is a school. God puts us here to learn to be good, and to do good; and when he sees it is best that we should have a different kind of teaching, he takes us to a higher world where new sources of knowledge will be opened to us, and new opportunities for doing his work placed before us, and new strength to do that work given us."

"But if we could all go to it together how much better it would be."

"No, my dear, it would not. Some persons are fitted to do one kind of work, and some another. Some to labor in one place, and some in another. God only knows what place is best for us, and when it is best to remove us to another. And think after a separation of a few years, if we have used those years well, with what joy we shall meet again. How will my heart glow with happiness and gratitude should my little Lucy, in that glorious world to which I hope we shall both be admitted, though it may be at very different times, should she then say to me, 'Mother, it was the instruction you gave me in early life, that made me good, and brought me to this happy place.' I think I should feel that all the pain of separation was more than compensated to me in that moment."

M. H. A.

## HYMN.

God of the night, thy sun has set,  
The winds are hushed on land and sea,  
But a soft murmur whispers yet,  
And calls my waking thoughts to Thee.

There is no sound to wound the ear,  
Man's busy step is heard no more,  
But night's calm voices whisper clear,  
"Mortal, arouse, thy God adore."

O God of day, night too is thine,  
Thy glory speaks in every star,  
And the pale moon-beams, as they shine,  
Tell that a God is dwelling there.

O Thou, whose power the day displays,  
Whose careful hand has led thy son,  
Accept a feeble mortal's praise,  
And bless him ere his days are done.

For health and strength, for food and friends,  
And all the gifts religion brings,  
I thank thy grace that never ends,  
Eternal Giver, King of kings!

Oh when mine eyes are sealed in sleep,  
And nature finds her sweet repose,  
Wilt Thou thy watch around me keep,  
Protecting from all dangerous foes.

And with the morning's gladsome ray,  
Oh call me to my prayer again,

And give me strength another day  
To serve Thee midst my fellow men.

And thus my course may I pursue,  
And speed me on thy holy way,  
Till heaven opens to my view,  
And thy bright presence is the day.

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### AMY'S HOLIDAY.

ONE Saturday noon, a room full of schoolgirls had put away their books and all other school implements, and sat waiting to be dismissed. One little tanned thing, named Amy, was in a great hurry to be free. One foot was advanced, all ready for a start; and her hand on her desk, to help her to spring from her seat as soon as the signal was given.

"Children, I *invite* you all to come to school this afternoon," said the teacher. "I do not wish to *compel* any one. But I shall be here at two, and hope to find a few of my scholars, at least; those who love me, and love school."

There were many blank faces at this. All wanted the holiday. The industrious scholars were tired, and needed the usual rest. Those who found it irksome to labor, and loved to be in the open air, like Amy, were eager to be set free for a long half-day. Some of the older girls smiled, and nodded to each other. The teacher almost laughed out at the vexation



of Amy, who pouted, and looked cross. When any face with a questioning look turned towards her, as if to say, "*You, Amy; are you coming?*" she shook her head pettishly, as if to say, "Indeed, I shan't."

"You are dismissed," said the teacher. Amy scampered off in such haste, that she left her bag. Some of the girls begged to know *why* there was to be a school.

"That is my secret," said the teacher, smiling.

"Is it your *request* that we should come? Would it oblige you," said they.

"No, it would not oblige me. It would please me, I confess. But I do not ask it, on my own account; I *invite* you, for your own benefit, not mine."

Every scholar came, but Amy. About the middle of the afternoon there was a knock at the schoolroom door. It was not opened; the teacher's voice called out, "Who is there? Is it Amy?"

"Yes, it is I, ma'am. I want my bag."

"O ho! Then you have not come to school?"

"No, ma'am. Why, it is *three*, and after!"

"Well, if you will change your mind, you may come in, *now*! I will not note you as tardy." The door was opened a little crack, and a roguish black eye peeped out at Amy.

"I have company waiting for me," said Amy. "I cannot change my mind. Besides it is pleasanter out of doors, this warm afternoon. So do get my bag, Anna, and let me go."

"Very well," said Anna, "go back farther from the door, so that you cannot look in, and you shall have your bag; little goose as you are!"

Amy wanted to know what was going on that she must not have a peep at, and had half a mind to go in. But the idea of being prisoner for the rest of the afternoon, and the jingling of some cents in the bag, turned her feet from the door. As she went away, she heard a loud laugh, and a murmur of merry voices. She stopped, and half turned round. "I wish I had gone in," she thought, "but I am ashamed to do it now. They would all have such a laugh, to see me, after all. No, I'll go buy some nuts."

A ragged, impudent looking girl, a head taller than Amy was waiting for her in the street. Her name was Luce Wayland. She had been employed by Amy's mother, now and then, by way of charity, to do little jobs about the house, usually called *chores*. Of late, she had not been allowed to come to the house. She had been suspected of thieving. Amy did not know this, but she knew she was not a good girl, and she felt ashamed of her sluttish appearance, as they walked side by side. She knew that her mother would not like to have her seen with such a companion, though she taught her not to be proud. She felt very uncomfortable and discontented all the afternoon, though Luce was full of smiles and flattery, and Amy was glad to have any one to speak to. Her usual companions were all in the schoolroom.

They cracked the nuts together, and then went off into the woods, where they were soon on an equality as to rags, for Amy's gown and stockings got various unlucky rents in her attempts to imitate her new playmate's gambols. For the first time in her life she climbed a tree; she was a long time perched in the branches be-

fore she could gather courage to get down again. She came to the ground all in a heap, like a bag of sand, while Luce swung herself about like a monkey, and used her long limbs without any attention to feminine graces, or the safety of her garments.

Amy did not know where she was, and Luce brought her out of the wood opposite Mrs. Wayland's door. "See, mother," she bawled, as a chocolate colored cap, with dirty red ribbons, appeared at a window, "Here's the squire's daughter."

"Come in, miss, and rest ye, without ye're tu praround to come under a poor person's ruff," said Mrs. Wayland.

"Lor, she an't proud a mite," said Luce, drawing her along. "An't she played along of me this livelong arternoon?"

Amy picked her way over the black, greasy mud to the door-stone, on which her foot slipped, and she fell into the arms of the woman, who kissed her two or three times, and carried her into the house. Her spirituous breath, and the dirty smell of the house made Amy feel sick, but Luce had disappeared, and so she sat down as she was bid, and tried not to look disgusted, lest she should seem proud.

As she looked about the room, she was astonished to behold certain articles which had been missed at home, lying in plain sight. A pair of scissors, which had been sought for all over the house, some weeks before, claimed her acquaintance. A piece of carpet said, "How d'ye do, old friend," almost as plain as speech. A handkerchief which lay in the window had her own name on it. Without that, she would not have guessed that it had ever been white. Her duty was to take

notice of these things, but she tried not to seem to be looking at them. Having made herself Luce's companion, she shared her shame, or rather felt that shame for her, which she felt not for herself.

Luce soon returned, with something rolled up in brown paper, and a bag of crackers.

"Massy! could n't ye get no more butter than that for four cents? You need n't a got the best kind. Two crackers short! You've eat 'em, coming along, you jade!"

"He never gin me another one," cried Luce, angrily; then whispered to Amy, "I mean, if lies are true."

"I must go home," said Amy, half ready to cry.

"I shan't let you stir till after supper," said Luce. "We're going to have cracker toast. I guess you don't get anything better than that, to home."

"Can't you eat with poor folks for once?" said the woman, in a sneering voice. "Our vittles is clean, if our house an't."

Amy was very hungry, and having resolved just to taste the crackers, ate so heartily that the last one was toasted before she and Luce were satisfied.

"Now I must go home as fast as I can," she cried, seeing that the sun was almost down. "What will mother think?"

"You need n't tell her where you been," says Luce. "You can tell her that—"

"Yes, tell her where ye took supper, and was treated to the best, and no harm come to ye," said the woman. "I *thought* you was run away, all the time. You an't so proud yet, but your ma'am would have cut her hand off, rather than set down to table with me, I warrant you."



"I wish I knew the way home," said Amy, sighing.

"Luce, go along with her, and ask *Miss Kinnicom* if she wants you to come and scour knives a Monday."

Who Mrs. Kinnicom was, Amy did not imagine, her mother's name being Cunningham. A short run across the fields brought them to the well-known street, and then Amy hoped every house would prove to be that of Mrs. Kinnicom, for she longed to be rid of her companion. She fancied every person who met them stared to see her in such company. Some boys hurraing and mocking at them, Luce answered them with coarse epithets, and threw mud and stones at them. Poor Amy held down her head, and hastened on, hoping to leave her behind. But she soon heard the tramp of her heavy feet in swift pursuit. As she came near home, she found there was quite a hue and cry in the neighborhood, her brothers and sisters having been sent in every direction in search of her. Her cup of mortification was full, to hear Luce answer every inquiry with triumph.

"The lost is found, safe and sound. She's only been over to our 'us, taking tea."

Mrs. Kinnicom proved to be Mrs. Cunningham herself, who refused to employ Luce any more, and reproached her with having misled Amy, who was several years younger than herself.

"All the thanks poor folks get," muttered Luce. "I've took good care on her, give her a first rate supper, and fetched her home, that's all. I never asked her to go along with me."

"Why, Amy!" said her mother, in a low voice. "Have you been eating the bread of those who have

not enough for themselves! That is not like you!"

Amy went sobbing to hide herself in bed. Luce was sent home, with a load of provisions, and forbidden to come to the house again.

Though there was not a little silent smiling and winking at Amy's downcast looks and burning cheeks, when the family met at breakfast, no one said a word to add to her unhappiness. Neither did her sisters, who were also her schoolmates, say anything about their Saturday afternoon school. Amy listened when she heard them talking together, hoping to catch a word or two to relieve her curiosity about it, but in vain. Once something was said about *beautiful feathers*, but the speaker checked herself, with an air of mystery, looking roguishly at Amy.

Monday morning came, and Amy went to school. She did not go with her sisters, as usual; she followed a little way behind, with her finger in her mouth.

"Good morning, Amy; how did you enjoy the afternoon, Saturday?" asked the teacher, as Amy sidled in at the door, and slunk to her seat.

"Not at all. I wish I had been at school, I am sure. I'll come next time. Or, I'll come next Wednesday, all alone, if you will let me, Miss Eliza."

"You may come, and welcome, but I shall not be able to show you what the girls saw on Saturday. They were not mine, and are sent home."

"I do not know what the girls saw. They did not tell me. Did they write and cipher and draw any?"

"A friend offered to lend me Audubon's Birds, and I thought I would gratify my scholars with a sight of them."

"Live birds? Perhaps they were stuffed, though."

"No, better than that; large pictures, not only of the birds themselves, but of their haunts, and their way of life."

"Oh!"

"The heron wading, the kingfisher fishing, you know, &c."

"Oh!"

"One wild scene had a fog over it, looking so natural that one of the girls started when I spoke, and said she thought for a moment she was there all alone, among the reeds and bushes, watching the birds who were flying and hopping about there."

"Oh!" groaned Amy, again.

"And then we played a new game, with sugar-plums and burnt almonds for counters."

"O——oh!"

"Little Carry, here, won a whole pocket-full, but she gave half of them away. There were a few left in the box, when we broke up, which I saved for you."

"You are very kind, indeed!" said Amy, with tears in her eyes.

"Oh no, I was sorry you were not with us, to enjoy the game, and I knew you would be very sorry to-day, and stand in need of consolation. So come and give me a kiss, and take your sugar-plums. Let me see what an interest you will take in your lessons, to-day. *Try* to love school, and you *will*. I love it, myself, though I get very tired, especially when Amy is restless and needs watching."

"O, I will not need watching any more, dear Miss Eliza. I will be just as busy when you are not looking,

and get all my lessons very perfectly. I shall be happier, I know, if I am good."

"Yes, indeed, then you will not think of the school-room as a place to be rebuked and punished in. And if you are not idle, you will not be watching the clock, and thinking how long the forenoon is. We busy folks are often taken by surprise by the bell ringing twelve."

Amy tried being a good girl one week, and found it a very agreeable experiment. She loved Miss Eliza with her whole heart, and now no longer cried herself to sleep at night with self-upbraiding for having tired and troubled her. She became ambitious of praise, and won it pretty often.

Luce's mother was carried to the workhouse for intemperance and bad conduct. Luce was taken into a farmer's family, where plenty of hard work and good advice made a tolerably good girl of her, though old habits of sluttishness and thievery were hard to break up, and now and then brought her into disgrace and trouble, till she was a woman grown.

A\*\*\*\*.

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## THE VACATION.

[See Frontispiece.]

[Concluded from page 192.]

BESIDES boating and swimming, and other pleasures connected directly with the sea, Frank and Henry enjoyed those which are always so dear to city boys, the witnessing and assisting in the operations of a farm, and still more the rambles over the rocky hills and into



the shady thickets to which their love of natural history (and their fondness for berries) impelled them. One of Henry's letters to his sister will give an idea of the way in which they spent their time.

DEAR SUSAN, — Frank's last letter to mother gave an account of our little sailing trips, and of our going round in the largest boat, with Mr. Bent and John, to the *Glage*, as they pronounce it, but which I will translate, for you poor landswoman, to mean the Glades.

We have been very sorry, all along, that the quarters here were so narrow, and that you could not all be here ; but I think particularly of little Charlotte, and wish for her, when I go out in the morning to hunt for eggs in the barn, amongst the sweet hay. It seems as if the hay had been made wholly of the sweet vernal-grass, it is so much more fragrant than any I ever smelt before. There is a little girl here, the youngest of the family, whom I have to pet and play with instead of Charlotte, and she goes with me, with her little basket, for eggs, and to see the cows milked. There is one cow, that was given to Mooney when she was a baby, and she always takes me to see her *ownty doanty tow*, that I may have a glass of milk, as she says "my tow's is the doodest." It makes Frank and me laugh to think how plainly and sweetly Charlotte talks, though she is not two years old yet, and then to hear Mooney's comical jabber, who is three and a half. You will wonder what long and unpronounceable name Mooney can be the nickname for. Frank remembered the old puritan fondness for taking *texts* from the Old Testament for names, and said that her real name was probably "Fair-as-the-moon-clear-as-the-sun-and-terrible-as-an-army

with-banners " Bent ; and that Mooney was its diminutive ; but, after all, her name is Eunice, which is pretty enough, pronounced in our common way, but as uncle James says it ought to be spoken, Eu-ni-ce, a very pretty one. Frank who hates every thing he calls fashionable, says that this is a good burlesque on the present fashion of turning every pretty name into some awkward Looly, or Mamy, or Doody, or Corny, and that he means to propose *Mooney* to some girls of his acquaintance, when he gets home. However, she is an affectionate little girl, in spite of her ugly name, and I have made her very happy by carving out some wooden ducks and pigs for her, and when we went off in the hay-cart, yesterday, to pick berries about two miles off, she went with us.

There are one or two families boarding in the neighborhood, and they made up the berry party, asking Frank and me to join it, and allowing me to take Mooney. We boys went over to Mrs. Wiggin's, where the hay-cart was, before sunrise, and carried green boughs to cover it with. We had been roaming through the woods so much that we knew just where to go for the trees we wanted, and we chose the Sassafras, (Yankee laurel, you know,) for its fragrance and its bright light green color, and wove in some dark glossy holly boughs with it. The hay-cart, when we had dressed it, made as pretty a green, shady carriage, as you ever saw. We twisted long wreaths of the sweet-smelling ground-nut vine, all round the green branches, and oh, Susan, how you would have enjoyed the sight of its dark purple clusters peeping through the leaves, with the smell like that of mignonette and English violets together !

We carried baskets and pails of all sorts and sizes, filled with nice materials for a substantial luncheon, *doodies*, as Mooney called them, and the baskets on our return, were filled again with huckleberries and blueberries and blackberries of the very best. Little Moon-ey stood close to *Nenny*, (my new name) and kept bringing me her tin dipper with a dozen or so of *red green blue*-berries, to put into my basket, which was a special favor to me, for she thought her berries the *doodest* that were picked. We had a very merry time, and came home with sweet sprigs of clethra in our hats and in our hands, singing all sorts of gay or sentimental songs. It was the first berry frolic that Frank or I had ever engaged in, and we enjoyed it highly.

I have pressed and dried several plants for you, dear Susan, some for beauty, and some for botany, and have saved some fine chrysalids of the *Asterias* butterfly, which I found hanging on the trunk of an old dead tree, near some plants of the Sea Lovage. They had probably just finished their little cases, and gone to sleep in them, for there were a dozen or more of the pretty, spotted, apple-green caterpillars on the Sea Lovage, that looked as if they had eaten their last meal, and were just going to turn; and there was plenty of the same food for the next set of gay young caterpillars that the eggs of the beautiful *Asterias* butterflies will produce in a week or two.

You see that I have not forgotten all the pleasant lessons in Natural History, sister, that you have given us; but I can say no more, (for the red wagon is in sight that must take this to the post-office) only that I am your affectionate brother Henry.

S. S. F.

## FRAGMENTS FROM THE DIARY

OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER THROUGH FRANCE, AND IN ITALY.

NO. III.

DECEMBER 26.

WITHIN an hour after my arrival in Rome, I begged, *entreated*, and at last *insisted* upon making a pilgrimage to the Colosseum. My friends in vain urged the late hour of the evening, and my last fortnight's incessant travelling. My plea was the glorious light of a moon already waning; and the chance that a change of weather might interfere with the brightness of succeeding evenings; and I yearned to see that spot first by moonlight, so my earnestness gained me my point, and away we went. After passing by the column of Trajan, we hastened through streets that at another time I should have lingered in long, so completely did they resemble the many pictures I had seen of Italian towns; when suddenly we came upon that glorious group of ruins which descriptions and engravings had so fixed upon my imagination, that I recognized them at once. The Arch of Septimius Severus, the Facade of the Temple of Saturn, the column of Phocas, the three dignified and beautiful columns of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans \* — then the other three harmonious, bewitching columns of the Temple of Jupiter Stator; they all made me thrill with their beauty; but nothing affected me like that Arch of Septimius Severus. I never shall forget the *new sense* which seemed to burst upon me; the sense of *expression* in Architecture, which spread over my mind as I drank in the grand repose of its aspect.

\* Antiquaries differ provokingly about these ruins, and all others in Rome; I believe that I can hardly be sure if I ought not to say the Temple of Vespasian, and that of Castor and Pollux, but I take the most generally received names, and can but vouch for the beauty of which there is no doubt.



The soil has so risen here from the accumulation of ages, that one cannot see any thing, with the effect of its proper height ; and I had to peer down into the circle of excavation round it, to see even thus imperfectly, this exquisite remain ; but I shall never forget that moment ; the hallowing light, too, the pure light which seems to clothe all memories, was sleeping upon it. Then — just then, a bell tolled, with singularly long and sweet vibrations : the effect was most poetic and solemn ; *it was the bell of the Capitol*. I could hardly bear to leave this spot ; but *there*, was the Sacred Way before me so full of associations born of the long reach of time, since the peace between the Sabines and Romans, when it received its name from the number of altars then erected ; a name well borne out by the frequent religious processions which passed along it, down through the *long procession of years*.

We passed the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina — that is, the outer columns of the original temple, which now stand outside of a church built in the ancient cellar, about seven hundred years ago. There stand, too, the Temple of Romulus and Remus, and the Temple of Peace. The last a grand ruin — the first now converted into a Christian church, and dedicated to two martyrs Cosimo and Damiano.

On the right hand of the Via-Sacra as we ascended, I saw the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars ; that mighty mass of remains which extend over the Palatine Hill, and of which the gardens and various buildings were spread over the Esquiline and part of the Cælian Hills. Then we went through the Arch of Titus, built to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem. Beautiful it is — but how strange the feeling with which a

Christian passes under it! It is said that to this day no Jew will go through it. Then came the exquisite Arch of Constantine, and oh, how lovely it looked in the moonlight. While looking at this, I raised my eyes, and caught sight of a fragment of wall beyond, that made me start as if I had seen a spirit. "There is the Colosseum!" — and there it was — far more complete than I had fancied it; but its outline exactly the same; the noblest of ruins indeed. The supports and protections of masonry which have been added to prevent its farther decay, are exceedingly simple; and the Arena, which is perfect in its original form, an immense oval, has been guarded from all danger of mob violence by altars, each with its crucifix at intervals all round, and by a large cross in the centre. Is not this a Christian revenge? We were challenged by sentinels set for its defence, also, but allowed to pass in, when a woman's voice had peacefully uttered the word "Amici," (Friends.)

The soil has risen here, as every where it has; but still it is *the place*, where so much grandeur, so much power, so much cruelty and so much heroism were once displayed; and how full one's heart and brain grow while standing there!

We crossed it and passed outside, even there more than ever, seeing its unspeakable grandeur and dignity. While in its shadow, we looked through its open arches to the starlight sky; and then caught the moon as she poured her rays through the now silent vomitories. There is no use in attempting to describe this, nor in endeavoring to give an idea of my feelings at a first sight of this, the City of Memories, by the light which seems hallowed to Memory.

R. W. A.



